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"Our Lady of Light" retells the mysterious story of the statue of Our Lady, the treasure of our Motherhouse.

Eastern versus Western marriage is the theme of "A Family Affair" by Rev. John J. Barrett, S. J.

YOUR WILL . . . . .

can help the Medical Mission Sisters bring health and healing to the sick and suffering of mission lands. The following approved form of bequest may be used:

"I hereby give (devise) and bequeath to the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries (also known as the Medical Mission Sisters), an institution incorporated under the laws of the State of Maryland, and its successors forever the sum of $..... for its general purposes."

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The Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries is a religious community of women founded in 1925 for the purpose of providing medical care for the sick in the foreign missions.

The Motherhouse and Novitiate are located in Fox Chase, Philadelphia, Pa. There is also a House of Studies in Brookland, Washington, D. C., and Houses of Postulate in England and Holland.

The main activities of the Society include the conducting of hospitals, dispensaries, maternity and child welfare centers, training schools for native nurses and midwives, and similar health works.

Medical Mission Centers conducted by the Society in India and the United States are:

HOLY FAMILY HOSPITAL
Rawalpindi, India
HOLY FAMILY HOSPITAL
Patna, India
MITFORD MUNICIPAL HOSPITAL.
Dacca, Bengal, India
THE SANTA FE CATHOLIC MATERNITY INST., Santa Fe, N. M.
THE CATHOLIC COLORED CLINIC
Atlanta, Georgia

It is the purpose of the Society to send Medical Missionaries to any mission field of the world. The Society has many requests; it needs many vocations.

Notice to Subscribers

Owing to difficulties in obtaining paper we are combining the May and June issues.

A Thought for Mother's Day

The April 1947 issue of Catholic Missions should be brought to the attention of as many Catholic mothers as possible. The article entitled "Vocation Needs" expresses clearly and well what missionaries constantly experience but hesitate to express. The first paragraph gives the keynote.

"The Most Reverend John M. McNamara, D. D., addressing the priests and sisters gathered at the Catholic University of America under the Missionary Union of the Clergy stated that from his experience it would seem that there is a lack of response on the part of our young to the religious vocation because of the opposition that comes from mothers. A Sister, President of an outstanding Catholic College, in speaking of young women who aspire to the religious life said, 'Our greatest opposition comes from their mothers.' Bishop McNamara also said that on the occasion of a Confirmation service he asked the parish priest why the youth to whom he addressed himself on the subject of religious vocation showed so little interest. The priest replied, 'They reflect the indifference of their mothers.'

"There are all too many Catholic mothers who refuse to measure values by the standards of Christ, who discourage the boy who would become a priest and the girl who would embrace the religious life. 'If they give to the Church it is out of their pocketbooks,' he said, 'they have little or nothing to give out of their hearts and least of all a child'."

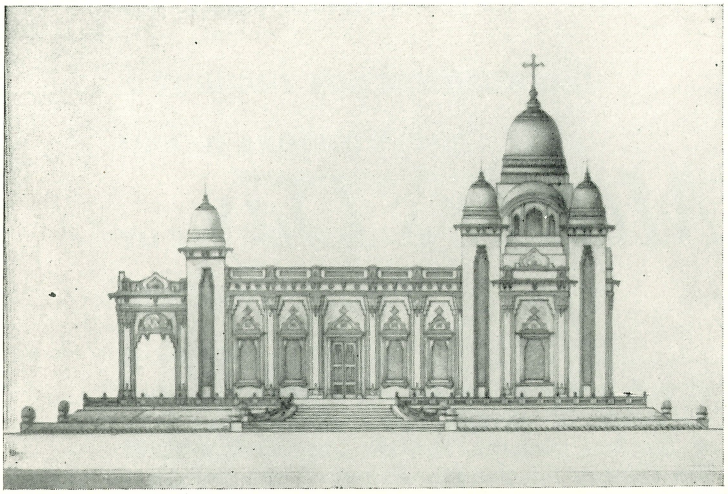
It is not my intention to enlarge on the subject but only to make a few concrete remarks which apply to our Society. Our vocation, as the name MEDICAL MISSION SISTER implies, has a threefold aspect, but one purpose, "So let your light shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father Who is in heaven." As Sisters we bind ourselves by the three vows of poverty, chastity and obedience; as missionaries we leave home and country to spread the knowledge and love of Christ; as a medical corps we care for the sick in medically undeveloped regions. The Medical Mission Apostolate is a new apostolate of our day, made possible through the higher education of women, great medical progress of the last century, and the expressed wish of the Church for the foundation of new religious communities for health work in the missions. In an audience granted to our Sisters, the late Holy Father said, "Your Society responds to my thought and desire."

The Medical Mission Apostolate is attractive to the young. It is a challenge to them to express their love for Christ in sacrifice and to trade to the full with their God-given talents. They glow with zeal and enthusiasm at the prospect of a life entirely devoted to God and the spread of His Kingdom in the service of the sick and suffering.

What about the mothers and the fathers? Do they glow with justifiable pride and joy that the Master has chosen a laborer for His vineyard from the bosom of their family? Truly Catholic fathers and mothers do indeed — others, blinded by false interest, cannot see the pearl of great price for their child, their family, for the world. It takes heroism to withstand the pleas of a father or a mother. It is hard to be put to the test: "If you love father or mother more than Me, you are not worthy of Me." Only God knows how many vocations, especially mission vocations, suffer shipwreck on this rock of arguments, reproaches, tears and threats. The pity of it is increased in the light of the present state of the world.

Only recently on the occasion of the canonization of the American Martyrs the Holy Father in his broadcast to America said: "Let men pause and hearken to this appeal. This is America's hour. The Missions await your response . . . May the youth, American youth, always be ready and eager to throw themselves into every worthy and noble adventure, and remove obstacles which are but challenges to their courage . . . " Obstacles there will be, but God grant that they be not the withholding of a father's and mother's blessing on the following of a God-given religious and missionary vocation.

A. D.



Shrine of Our Lady, Mother of Divine Grace, at Makameh

IN AND ABOUT PATNA

MOTHER ANNA DENGEL, S. C. M. M., M. D.

My first visit in Patna was to the site of the proposed new hospital in company with Sister M. Laetitia. Very Reverend A. F. Wildermuth, S. J., the superior of the mission, took us there. We drove for half an hour up the one and only main street before we came to St. Xavier's, a senior Cambridge school for boys. This school is beautifully built and beautifully situated at the edge of a maidan —a large open green for purposes of drilling and parades. From there it took us about fifteen minutes to reach the plot of land destined for the new Holy Family Hospital in Patna. It is located on the Ganges at a spot where the river is very wide. A high road runs along the bank, and near by a ferry comes in daily bringing great numbers of villagers from all around. At present the plot is a mango orchard. The trees were laden with the green elliptical fruit—alas, still unripe. Mangoes, to my taste, are the most delicious among the many excellent varieties of Indian fruits.

The site has been chosen, plans are in the making, but when and how the present 175 bed Holy Family Hospital, temporarily housed in and around the old historic Cathedral, will be transferred to the mango grove is still a deep secret in the keeping of Divine Providence. One thing we know—the Patna Jesuits are as interested as we are, which means that action will follow plans as soon as feasible.

By way of showing us that at least bricks would be available (provided, of course, that they could be paid for) Father took us to a factory near by. There bricks were being turned out fast and furious for a new girls' college by a whole army of men, women and children. They all lived there in temporary shelters made of bricks piled on top of each other and covered with sheets of tin. I looked into one of these huts. There was just a small brick stove, a mat, and some straw scattered on the ground. Eating—sleeping—births—deaths—all occur there. To be born on the floor and to die on the floor, as Hindu custom prescribes, is easily followed under these circumstances.

The manufacture of bricks is a very simple process. The mud mixed with water is thoroughly churned in a machine, then poured by coolies into a mould. The formed bricks are then stacked up to dry and finally burnt in a kiln. The greatest difficulty seemed to be to get enough coal for the burning. Bricks in India are now at least three or four times as expensive as before the war. As no reduction in the price is anticipated within the next few years, the nuns decided not to delay building as their present college is much too small for the two hundred students.

Education

Education of women in India is growing by leaps and bounds. At present only three per cent are supposed to be literate, but in the cities many girls go to school and the more well-to-do want to go to college as well. With the marriage age among the educated rising the number of college students is increasing.

We called on Reverend Mother M. Theodosia, the principal of the College. She and all the nuns of her community, the Apostolic Carmel, are Indians from Mangalore. These religious of high scholastic attainment and culture are admirably fitted for their task. Reverend Mother Theodosia told us that the College was opened in 1940, and that all the usual subjects including domestic economy are taught. "Domestic science teaches the girls the dignity of labor," she said. In the College they are willing to cook, sew and do many things which they would never have done at home. However, one has to watch their physical capacity as they have not the endurance and strength that we have on account of the type of food they eat and because they are not accustomed to use their muscles.

Two European sisterhoods have labored in the Patna Diocese for many years,—the Sisters of the Holy Cross of Ingenbohl, Switzerland, and the Sisters of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin, whose motherhouse in Munich is renowned. This latter community came to India in 1853 and has educated generations in Patna. We had a very interesting visit with them.

Village Tour

Besides seeing something of Patna, I was anxious to get a glimpse of village life as Bihar is very different from the Punjab with which I am more familiar. I knew that all the priests were very busy, for the whole diocese—the largest in the world with a population of 29,000,000 has less than 100 priests. How happy I was when a mere hint of a wish sufficed to bring an offer from Reverend M. R. Batson, S. J. to take the two newly arrived Sisters and myself out to the village on a two day tour in his car. (How many times in my life I have blessed Henry Ford!) It was a well planned tour, and we saw the maximum in the minimum time. To us it was as good as a year's course in missiology.

How luxurious we felt going along in a car when we met the bus packed—as only Indians can endure. The ancient trunk road leading to Calcutta was lined by venerable giants of trees, their gnarled branches giving them the mellowness and strength characteristic of patriarchs' faces. There were quite a few pedestrians, most of them carrying some agricultural or village craft product.

We stopped in Bukhtiarpur. There a leprosarium is planned and already it is being run on a small scale by a widow, a tertiary of St. Francis. Twice a week two hundred lepers from all around come to her open air dispensary for injections and treatment, and a friendly chat and inspiration. She lives as poorly as her friends, the lepers. The only luxury she seems to have are an Indian servant and a dog. She loves them both dearly. She is a free lance missionary, happy and contented.

Our longest stop was at Behar Sharif, a town of about 100,000 including Mohammedans, Hindus and Jains, as well as a growing number of Catholics. Father Batson told us that the people have been clamoring for a hospital, a good hospital, they say—and schools of all kinds and grades. The opportunities in India are literally crying to heaven for laborers in the vineyard. Golden harvests are waving, but the shortage of laborers continues. To have so many opportunities is something for which to be thankful, but isn't it something to be responsible for, too?

The most interesting village visited was Rajgir perched on a hill crowned by a large Hindu temple. Its special attraction were the hot springs. We saw several pilgrims bathing in the deep walled-in pool. The whole area is literally studded with temples, pagodas, and shrines — Hindu, Buddhist and Jain, and some even of Chinese or Tibetan architecture.

Not far from the village is Nalanda, (meaning "giving tirelessly") the gem of all Buddhistic institutions. It was a great center of learning from A. D. 428-1180, a university with an enrollment of an average of 5000 resident students. Every day from a hundred chairs Buddhist monks lectured to large audiences in spacious halls. Among the students were some from Tibet and China and even as far as Korea and Mongolia. There were three library buildings, one of which had nine stories. The books of Gautama's doctrine were copied there and carried all over the Orient as far as Japan.

We climbed many steep steps and were amply rewarded for the effort. The vast plains of India were spread before us. There we stood on the historic walls, silently following the fiery sun sinking deeper and deeper below the horizon until it disappeared. I could not help but visualize a long line of saffron clad monks and disciples, steeped in speculation about the mysteries of nature and life, gazing centuries ago at the same glorious spectacle from these same heights.

We spent the night in a railway bungalow as the guests of a very fine Catholic Anglo-Indian family. They treated us to the best Indian dishes which certainly are good but very hot for newcomers. After Mass and Holy Communion we set out for another unique place. Patna Diocese harbors not only the cradle of Buddhism, but also has the center of Jainism. Mahavira, (599 B. C.) the founder of Jainism, was a precursor of Buddha. He was a royal prince, abdicated his throne, received enlightenment and preached his doctrine of righteous thought and deed. He taught that all living things have souls, and carrying this principle to its logical conclusion, insisted on the avoidance of the slightest hurt to the smallest creature.

At the shrine we visited, the doctrine was followed literally. The large ponds surrounding it were sanctuaries for swimming, creeping and flying creatures. They were fed by the priests and provided for by the pilgrims. The guest quarters for the pilgrims were large and stately. The Jains, about two million strong, are a wealthy community. The shrine was rather small but a jewel of architecture of its kind and well kept.

Father M. R. Batson, S. J.

Sr. M. Augustine, Mother Dengel, Sr. M. Stephen on the steps of the Jain Shrine.

The visit to this Jain shrine was a preparation for our next stop which was the climax of our trip—the Mission of Mokameh, where Father Batson with the financial and professional help of a Catholic architect built a shrine to Our Lady, Mother of Divine Grace. As Father explained the details of the architecture, all so carefully planned, he pointed out that its style without being Hinduized or Jainisized had to be Indianized to fit into this region of shrines. From the photograph shown, the reader will see the choice, a marvel of taste and fittingness with its touch of Byzantine. It could only have been inspired by a genuine desire to make Our Lady truly the channel of Divine Grace for the people of the region.

Traveling on we passed village after village until we reached Barh, a good sized place with a well established mission with Indian priests and Indian Sisters. The sisters were the Bahins of the Sacred Heart who are in charge of a school and a dispensary. The Sister Superior and several other Sisters had been trained in our Holy Family Hospital in Rawalpindi, so they received us warmly, and we in turn felt at home with them at once.

Some of the boys and young men around the mission compound were busy making shoes for a firm in Calcutta, while another group were making tiles. In some parts of India the cottages are thatched—in other sections there are flat mud roofs—and in many parts including Bihar, the roofs are covered with tiles fitted into each other. The latter type of roof has one disadvantage—a favorite sport of crows is to pick up these tiles.

Leaving Barh behind us, we passed villages and more villages, just an infinitesimal fraction of the 700,000 of them. Some of the larger ones we passed had government dispensaries, but the majority had nothing of the kind. In rural areas there is only one per 53,000 of the population. They all, of course, have their hakims and vaids, indigenous practitioners and herbalists, who go according to the ancient systems of medicine which no doubt have their value but have not kept pace with scientific progress. These practitioners are legion but they are helpless when confronted with anything serious —an acute appendicitis—an abnormal labor— for example. The bulk of the population of Hindustan, about 80%, live in villages, where according to the recent Bhore Report health conditions are the most deplorable. Is it any wonder that the average expectancy of life is only 27 years and that only 19% reach the age of 40 years? Let us hope that in the new scheme of things the villagers will get their rightful share of health provisions, as well as everything else they need.

On the last day of my stay, the missionary feast of the Epiphany, I had the privilege of an audience with His Excellency Bernard J. Sullivan S. J., Bishop of Patna. It brought back memories of my journey with His Excellency in 1932 to the Santal Paraganas where it was originally planned to start our work. It is with deep regret that I learned sometime later that His Excellency has resigned for reasons of health. While in India Bishop Sullivan was an advocate of the mission hospital. As we need authoritative and weight-carrying advocates of mission hospitals on the home front from where recruits and means must flow, we hope and pray that his resignation from our point of view will, while a loss in one sense, be a gain in the other. Reverend Father Batson, our kind guide, was appointed administrator of the diocese.

Sister M. Laetitia and I left Patna on January 7. We were bound for Dacca but as Bishop Sevrin, S. J. had asked us to discuss taking up work among the aborigines of Chota-Nagpur, we went to Calcutta via Ranchi, where we were the guests of the Loretto nuns. After several days of study and sightseeing we went on to Calcutta. It was already dark when we passed Jamshedpur. The fiery furnaces of the Tata steel works, the biggest in the British Empire, were blasting forth huge torchlights. It reminded one of Pittsburgh. Early in the morning we arrived at Howrah Station from where we went straight to our happy home in Calcutta—the Little Sisters of the Poor.

More about the last stage of my journey in the next issue.

Grant graciously what you cannot refuse safely. —BACON.

TO THE NETHERLAND INDIES

The Dutch house of the Medical Mission Sisters at Imstenrade, Heerlen, Holland, sent out its first missionaries on February 21, 1947. Five Sisters went by plane to Batavia, Java, where they will receive an assignment to maternity work in the Dutch East Indies. The group of Sisters includes: Sister M. Willibrord, superior, a trained social service worker; Sister M. Anna, nurse, Sister M. Thecla, nurse-midwife; Sister M. Elizabeth, nurse-midwife; and Sister M. Theresia, housekeeper.

During the first week of February a public departure ceremony was held in the old patrician house of the Knights of Malta at Utrecht. This house was recently offered to the Society as a house of studies for the Sisters who attend the university and medical school. The principal speaker was Professor Dr. Gerard Brom, who stressed the duty of the Dutch Catholics toward the Catholic Church in the Indies. Seven Knights of Malta were present. In closing, His Excellency, Thomas J. F. Baron Van Dorth tot Medler, bailiff of the Knights of Malta, mentioned how the Knights in 1939 became acquainted with the Medical Mission Sisters. This century old organization interested itself in promoting medical missions, adopted this youngest of mission communities and took it under its protection.

High Mass was celebrated in the chapel at Imstenrade on the day of the departure. Father Poels' sermon, "Pro Deo et pro Animabus," was given as the watchword in starting on this new mission. Several priests and almost the entire neighborhood were present at the Mass. To the priest's "Procedamus in pace," the Sisters answered "In nomine Domini," and left the chapel. The five missionaries bade farewell to all assembled outside and as the Sisters stepped into the car, the mission song resounded with the enthusiasm and vigor characteristic of the Dutch. The departing Sisters stopped at Utrecht to say goodbye to the community there, and then went on to Amsterdam where they stayed at Our Lady's Hospital for a few hours. They heard Mass in the hospital at 3:00 a.m., and at six o'clock left for the airport accompanied by Sister M. Eleanore.

Letters from the Sisters after their landing tell of the first days in Indonesia. "We are living with the Sisters of St. Charles Borromeo, who have their motherhouse in Maastricht. It has been thought best that we remain here in the hospital at Batavia until we are acclimatized and have learned the language. The hospital is a rather large building, consisting of a ground floor surrounded by galleries. Before the war there were 92 beds for Europeans, and 50 for the natives. Now every space is filled with beds, 250 in all, and three-fourths of the patients are natives. All hospitals and nurses are under the supervision of the Department of Social Health. The work in this hospital includes internal diseases, infectious diseases, pediatrics, obstretrics and gynecology. A training course for nurse midwives was started last year. The nursing is quite primitive —no linen, no running water. There are eight sisters of four other congregations in training at the hospital."

First Departure from our Holland House— Sr. M. Willibrord, Sr. M. Anna, Sr. M. Theresia, Sr. M. Thecla.

The Netherlands foundation of the Medical Mission Sisters was begun in 1939 when Sister M. Eleanore Lippits, M. D. with two other Sisters left the United States to start a postulate there. Sister M. Eleanore, a native of Holland, studied medicine at George Washington University, Washington, D. C., and interned at St. Joseph's Hospital, Baltimore, Maryland. The house and novitiate at Imstenrade, Heerlen, Holland, now numbers over sixty Sisters.

Our Lady

What is your favorite pilgrimage? Probably not many Americans would have an answer to this question. In Europe it is different. There in numerous cities, villages and hamlets miraculous manifestations have made places hallowed, and have been the scenes of wonderful evidences of the power of faith and prayer. They attract generation after generation of pilgrims.

Our Lady seems tireless in her efforts to help our poor human nature which is so indifferent towards the invisible and so avid of the visible. She appears over and over again, enraptures those who see her, warns her wayward children, and pleads to be honored and invoked that she may have a chance to satisfy her eagerness to supply us with what we need for time and eternity.

To come back to my favorite pilgrimage. I have had the privilege of visiting a number of shrines, some famous, others less so, a few of them hidden away in Tyrolese mountain villages. Of all of them, my favorite one is Fourvière, overlooking the ancient, rich and beautiful city of Lyons in France. During my stay there, I frequently climbed the steep hill to pay a visit to Our Lady in the old chapel of Fourvière. Little did I realize then that I would meet Our Lady of Fourvière again many years later and in an unexpected place, namely Washington, D. C.

The circumstances were as follows. While visiting a friend of ours in Brookland, Miss Geraldine McNerhany, I was shown a small statue of Our Lady with a light burning in front of it. She had received it as a legacy from Miss Antoinette Margot who had brought the statue with her when she came from Europe with Clara Barton with whom she had been associated in Red Cross work. Miss McNerhany then told me the story as told by Miss Margot herself.

"The varnished plaster statue is a representation of the enormous statue which stands on the tower of the old church of Fourvière. It was standing on a chest of drawers in the office beside the desk of my saintly godfather. There was a gas jet between the two articles of furniture. I saw it myself and he himself told me what I am going to relate.

"He went every evening in May to May devotions; leaving the room, he lowered the gas, for he was very careful. Never anything unusual in connection with it happened to him. His old servant, Marie, as careful as her master, lowered the gas if she was obliged to use it for some work in the office during his absence; Mlle. Adeline, the young librarian, did the same and everything was in order. One year, however, I do not know which, something unusual happened. The first evening of the May Devotions, my godfather lowered the gas as usual before leaving. On his return after Benediction he found his gas blazing up. He was surprised, lowered it and called Marie, telling her not to forget to lower the gas after having used it. Marie had not been in the office at all. Then he called Adeline; she also had not been there. He considered it a serious affair as he had never seen the gas blazing so much. The next day he made sure that the gas was properly lowered. He went out last and returned at the same time as Marie and Adeline, but the gas was blazing up as the night before. The third day he locked the office

# of Light

and took the key along. On his return, however, the gas was blazing more than ever. The fourth day he put the gas out before leaving, but upon opening the door, which had been locked, he found the same thing. He called the plumbers for inspection but they found nothing unusual. The fifth day (May 5) the same thing happened, and during the night, after he had retired and was thinking of the refractory gas, being quite puzzled, Our Lady appeared to him. He did not know whether it was a dream or a vision, but She approached his bed and smiling, said: 'My son Justinian, how is it that you do not understand that I wish to be honored in your house by a light in front of my statue?' Filled with awe he exclaimed: 'My Good Mother, why did You not tell me before?' Our Lady disappeared; he jumped up to light the gas—a little flame like a night light—which he continued to burn day and night in Her honor. Since then he could lower the light as before when he left and it always remained as he had left it.

"My saintly godfather died in 1876, on the anniversary of the apparition. Later in 1877, when I came out of the S. C. (probably Sacré Coeur) I went to his house trying to get a souvenir and to make enquiries about the Statue of Our Lady. It was in the attic, covered with dust. Nobody had any use for it and it was given to me with great pleasure. It was evident that he had not related the history to anyone of his household. I took it away as a great treasure, cleaned and mended it and kept a light before it."

On account of my previous knowledge and love of Fourvière, the statue at once interested me and I asked Miss McNerhany to give it to us eventually. The request was granted sooner than I expected. The main reason for her willingness to part with her treasure was that she found it rather difficult to keep her promise to always have a light burning before it as she was out working the greater part of the day. She knew that in a religious house this was no problem, so she gave the statue to us in January 1927, seven months after it came into her possession. We assured her that it would be a joy and a privilege to keep the flame alive.

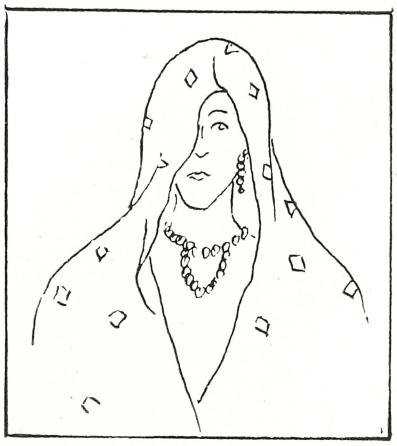
The statue now stands in a little niche in our Chapel. From there Our Lady daily looks down on half the community—the other half overflows into two adjoining rooms. We need a larger chapel urgently. We cannot build a permanent one because that has to be incorporated into our Motherhouse-to-be — but couldn't we, with the help of Lovers of Our Lady, build a simple shrine in honor of Our Lady of Light which would accommodate about a hundred sisters for the present, and later on, when it will be too small, (at least let us hope that it will) keep it as one of the many, many places on the face of the earth where Our Lady is pleased to accept in some form or other a mark of love and honor from pilgrims of this vale of tears, and give light and strength in return.

This is not a definite plan. It is only a suggestion for a possible solution of our great need of a larger chapel. However, we thought that we would launch the idea in the month of May—and pray and see whether Our Lady of Light wants a chapel or not.

—A. D.

A FAMILY AFFAIR

Rev. John J. Barrett, S. J.



Standing at the altar before the priest at their wedding Mass, he steals a glance at her and she peeks speculatively at him, and that is the first time the bride and groom, now man and wife, have seen each other. "Do you take this man, this woman, for your lawfully wedded husband, your wife?" The calm answer resounds, "I do." Horrors! What a gamble! Oh, not at all. In fact, the manner in which Catholic, Hindu, and Moslem marriages are arranged in India is entirely satisfactory. Marriage in India is a social function, as God intended it to be.

Richard Joseph Sharma was married this morning to Philomena Baptist Sha at a high Mass in the Bettiah church by Father Kevin Angelo. An American scribe would instinctively write that the bride wore white satin with tulle veil and orange blossoms, but Philomena did not. This bride was almost invisible under the heavily brocaded shawl in red and green that hid her bright yellow *sari* or native dress. The bridegroom wore a pink coat, spotless white *dhoti* and new white tennis shoes. For them both this was the most important day of their lives, and no expense was spared to dress the bridal party for the occasion.

The most important day of their lives, for by this marriage they are to fulfill the purpose of their lives, the continuance of the race, God willing, and make possible the happiness of heaven for their progeny. Personal satisfaction is for them a decidedly secondary motive for marriage. In this marriage there was no courtship, no proposal by the groom, no engagement ring. To our western mentality it was all a gamble, but to them it was a guaranteed success from the moment they left the altar.

Richard first met his wife through the village barber, though boy and girl did not see each other until the wedding. But the barber really began the whole affair. In his itinerant rounds of the villages with his barber shop under his arm, Babuji one morning met Richard's father and accommodated this customer under the nearest large banyan tree along the dusty road. As they squatted facing each other, and while Babuji clipped the customer's rich black hair, he peddled the local news concerning the price of rice in another market, the pending court case between two villages over a small parcel of land, a neighbor's loss of his two oxen through poisoning at the suspected hands of local shoemakers who were running short of hides. The barber is a wandering newshawk. In return he learned more local news from Richard's father, including the item that Richard was now eighteen and should be married.

On the next visit with Richard's father Babuji dropped the casual remark that over in Panchperwa was one Augustine John whose daughter Philomena was sixteen and should also be married. It was unnecessary to enquire if Augustine was of the same caste as Richard's father, or if they were Catholics; that information was taken for granted since different castes and religions do not intermarry. Richard's father did learn however all the barber knew of Philomena's family: their wealth and indebtedness, health and sanity, whether the mother was a shrew or the father a drunkard. The same inventory of Richard's family would be taken by the other side also, and as the barber knows everything about everybody he would supply a complete history to both parties.

Eventually Richard's parents called upon Philomena's. The two men sat on the rope cot smoking the hookah between them, the two mothers sat on the mud floor also smoking in turns. Philomena appeared, offered the guests a brass tray of sticky sweets, sat with the women awhile but said nothing. To discover whether or not she was deformed, under-nourished, weak or ugly, or otherwise physically objectionable, was the purpose of this visit. In return her parents visit at Richard's to discover the same about the boy; as a man he took part in the men's conversation, but the marriage subject was skilfully avoided.

The entire negotiations might have broken down over the "bride price," but in this case the girl's parents readily agreed to pay the ten dollars asked by the boy's parents. Father Angelo was consulted, a day fixed, and the banns announced on three consecutive Sundays at all Masses in the parish church. Had there been too few Catholics in the locality and a life partner consequently hard to find, the missionary would have made the preliminary contacts in place of the barber. It is an unwritten law of the land that families of the same village do not intermarry . . . for very good reasons.

So, the beautiful Philomena and the handsome Richard were married. Afterwards in the rectory Richard signed the register with a grand flourish befitting a high school graduate. Philomena dipped her finger in the ink bottle and affixed her thumb print to the page. Before they returned to the wedding party I held them for a photo, but the bashful bride would not stand side by side with her husband. Through the mediation of an old widow watching the proceedings, Richard told his bride where to stand, and I got a picture of them both.

On foot the immense party of relatives escorted the pair to the groom's house, accompanied by three Moslem musicians who sounded off on bagpipes, a cornet, and drums, playing without apparent rhythm or reason. At home the newly-weds were garlanded with flowers, gifts were exchanged between the two

families, the bride's sisters teased the new husband, and huge helpings of rice and goat meat were served on banana leaf plates with mounds of sweets on the side. Also, and against the admonition of the priest, a too plentiful supply of rice beer was brought in and consumed by the guests who included all the forty-second cousins. Solidly encamped inside the courtyard doorway the musicians kept up their din with varied themes through all the day and night and far into the next when the household began to resume normal living again. The greatest day of their young lives had given Philomena and Richard an auspicious start on their great career.

Instead of fleeing on a honeymoon in search of privacy, this bride and groom entered into the communal life of Richard's family. His brothers' wives and their many children, and Richard's own unmarried sisters became Philomena's companions. His mother became her boss, as she was of all the women folk in that household. For just such an arrangement as this Philomena's mother had prepared her to excel in cooking, to be clever with needlecraft, to be adept at child care, and had trained the girl in the wifely duties of obedience, respect, and industry. She shared with all the women of the house her tasks of washing, ironing, sewing, sweeping, planting and harvesting rice, or the subsidiary work a woman must do in helping her husband at his trade. Her disposition and her skill reflected glory or shame upon her own mother, depending on how apt a teacher the mother had been. The hearth is the schoolroom of India, the lessons taught there are for life, and that is education at its best.

Do you ask how this marriage turned out? Why, the result was happiness. What else could have eventuated! In the first year Philomena tearfully slipped off to her former village three times, and Richard had to send for her. But that was merely from homesickness, as everyone expected. Then for the birth of her first child she returned to her old home, according to custom. Thereafter all went well.

So you still prefer our western method of romantic courtship, selection, proposal, and isolation in a two-room apartment? Having seen the Indian process which makes early marriage economically possible (as God intended it to be biologically), which insures stability and social cooperation within the family, let me assure you that love is not lacking in the process. For love swiftly overtook this pair who had not met until at the altar, as it had done to their parents and grandparents back through the timeless ages of ancient India. Life begins with marriage, but love follows swiftly after. Marriage in India promises happiness; in the West it is more often a hope.

Procession on the day of the laying of the cornerstone of the hospital in Mandar. Governor Rutherford and Father De Meulder pictured in the center.

Mission in Mandar

A village mission venture, the opening of a rural hospital in Mandar in the Ranchi Diocese, was undertaken by three Medical Mission Sisters on the Feast of St. Joseph, March 19, 1947. India is a land of villages, and it is in the villages particularly that the people are the most neglected as far as medical care is concerned. Asked to describe Mandar, one of the Sisters replied, "Mandar—it is the church, the school, and the hospital." This gives a description of what the missionaries have accomplished in the way of building in that section of Chota-Nagpur, but it does not describe the numerous native village and settlements and the medical needs of thousands of people living near this mission center.

The three Medical Mission Sisters who opened this new mission have had widely different backgrounds and experience. The superior of the Mandar hospital is Sister M. Laetitia, R.N., one of the first four members of the Society. She has spent most of her religious life in India and for the past years has been superior of Holy Family Hospital, Patna. Sister Ignatius Marie, pharmacist, accompanied Sister M. Laetitia from Patna. The third member of the group, Sister M. Barbara Taggart, M.D., is a newcomer to the missions. She left the United States on February 5, 1947, stayed at the Medical Mission House in Osterley, England, until February 22, when passage was secured for Bombay. Sister M. Barbara was graduated from Women's Medical College in 1943, and during the past year was resident physician at St. Joseph's Hospital, Baltimore, Maryland.

The scope of the work in this new mission is unlimited. The Medical Mission Sisters will not be without assistance from the natives themselves. Since Holy Family Hospital was opened in Patna in 1939, a number of Indian Sisters and lay nurses from the Ranchi Diocese have been graduated from the school of nursing, and are now prepared to assist their own people. These young women, descendants of the original, non-Aryan tribes of India, Catholics for only a few generations, are daughters of the land and the adjustment to hospital life has not been easy. Hence a special program had to be devised for them. They require much exercise and play in the open air—elementary instruction in hospital routine, the like of which they have never seen before —but in time they become very good nurses.

Members of the Daughters of St. Anne, a congregation of Indian Sisters, also have been trained by the Medical Missionaries in Patna and will work with them in Mandar. The habit of these Sisters is the typical costume of Indian women. Their sari, a straight piece of cloth eight or nine yards long, is a bright shade of blue with white stripes along the edge. In the hospital a white sari with a blue border is worn.

The history of this community dates back to the famine of 1897, which was followed by a cholera epidemic. During this scourge the entire population witnessed the charity of the missionaries and village after village came into the Church. Heroic charity was displayed by a few school girls during the epidemic, and later they requested to become sisters and devote themselves to the service of Christ. The four girls who had shown such devotedness were admitted as postulants and four years later became the first novices of the now flourishing congregation of St. Anne. Up to this time they have worked as catechists among the women and children in the Ranchi Diocese. Under the supervision of the Medical Mission Sisters, this community hopes to supply the medical aid so needed among their people by opening dispensaries in rural areas.

Mandar is located in the district of Chota-Nagpur some three hundred miles west of Calcutta. The inhabitants are aboriginal tribes—the Mundas, the Ouraons and the Kharias—who are particularly well disposed toward Christianity. Over 300,000 of them are Catholics, but there are still two million animists living in tribal seclusion in these Chota-Nagpur hills. That the aboriginal peasantry are now to have a hospital in one of their villages

is due to the untiring efforts of His Excellency, the Most Reverend O. Sevrin, S. J., D. D., Bishop of the Belgium Jesuits in the Ranchi Diocese. Since 1938 he has been striving to bring medical aid to his flock. With this in view, His Excellency has been sending Sisters and young lay women from his diocese to Patna to be trained as nurses.

Reverend E. DeMeulder, S. J. is the parish priest in the Mandar Mission which was started by the Belgium Jesuits in 1898. Father De Meulder is fighting for these primitive tribes, as did Father Lievens, S.J. before him. His efforts to better the living conditions of his people is well brought out in a pamphlet written by him, "The Restoration of the Aboriginal Peasantry," which is a petition that the rights of the Aboriginals be protected. He says, "The Aboriginal races may be compared to their forests. It takes a few days to uproot these and sell them out. Everyone can see how ruthlessly and swiftly the lands of the Aboriginals are being wrenched out of their hands. Now, the Aboriginals are and will remain essentially an agricultural race. The Aboriginals stand or fall with their lands. If they fall, the loss will be not theirs, but that of the whole of India."

The hospital was planned and the building supervised by Father De Meulder. The ceremony of the laying of the foundation stone was performed by His Excellency, Sir Thomas George Rutherford, the Governor of Bihar, in the presence of about 5,000 aborigines on April 24, 1946. As entertainment for such an occasion tribal dances were performed. His Excellency the Governor donated Rs. 2,000 toward the building. The hospital is small but there are several acres of land adjoining to provide additional room in the future. The convent of the Daughters of St. Anne and the school are next door to the hospital.

The Mandar Hospital differs in every respect from the other hospitals of the Society in India. The peoples are different—in Rawalpindi the Mohammedans and Sikhs predominate; in Patna the Hindus; in Malabar live the St. Thomas Christians; while Mandar is the home of the animistic tribes of India, some of whom have been converted to Christianity but most of them have yet to hear the words of Christ. The climate is different — there are not the changing seasons found in the Punjab, or the oppressing heat along the Ganges in Bengal, or the torrential rains of Southern India. The seasons are well marked, yet there are no extremes of heat, of cold, or of rain. The hospital itself is different—it is not a city hospital as in Rawalpindi, Patna and Dacca, but a small structure in the country where it is likely that very frequently the Sisters will go to the sick in their homes. In short, it is village work.

These nurses need exercise in the open.

The world for the Sacred Heart *The Sacred Heart for the world*

The Mission Intention for June

"MORE MISSIONARIES TO AFRICA"

Today, as never since the earliest ages of the Church, comes a plea for an increase in personnel and resources for mission work in Africa. Bishops, priests and sisters who have spent years on what was once known as "the dark continent" say: "If we are not able to expand our programs, if we do not open more schools, more hospitals, well-staffed with trained teachers, doctors and nurses, if we do not enlarge and increase the number of seminaries and novitiates for the training of a native clergy, a golden opportunity, which may never be granted again, will be lost."

Prayer will be the lever which will open the gates of grace for Africa for prayer creates a vision of need and supply necessary to win this great continent to the knowledge and love of the Sacred Heart.

News from At Home and Abroad

Philadelphia

Visitors

Reverend Father Laurence Mahn from Macao, South China, visited the Motherhouse on March 16, and talked to the Sisters about the needs of 7,000 destitute orphans under his care. Father Mahn is a native of Hongkong and has been laboring in Macao for the past 36 years. He is pastor of two parishes, the chaplain of Sacred Heart college, charged with the spiritual care of two leper colonies, and also chaplain of orphanages conducted by the Canossian Sisters. Father is in this country to beg for the orphans who are housed in two unused factories. Any sort of clothing, even rags, are a luxury. The babies were wrapped in straw and paper to keep them warm, but now these items are scarce.

His Excellency, the Most Reverend Thomas Pothacamury, D.D., Bishop of Bangalore, was in Fox Chase on Palm Sunday, March 30. In speaking to the Sisters, His Excellency was most optimistic in his outlook on India's future. "The impending political changes give no cause for undue apprehension as regards the future of Christianity. In the prevailing atmosphere of intense nationalism, missionary activities were considered allied with foreign rule and considerable antagonism was aroused against conversion and our institutions. When Britain withdraws and the Church remains, this suspicion and distrust are bound to be dispelled."

As President of the Catholic Hospital Association in India, His Excellency pointed out that hospital work is the best means of bringing the Faith to the people, because hospitals are centers where charity and mercy are demonstrated, where Catholicity can be seen.

WELCOME HOME!

After sixteen years of nursing in India, Sister Margaret Mary arrived at the motherhouse on Good Friday, April 4. The trip was made aboard the S. S. Steel Artisan, which docked at Wilmington, North Carolina, after a 29 day voyage from Calcutta. Sister Margaret Mary has been nursing superintendent at the Mitford Hospital which is affiliated with the Dacca College Hospitals, the medical center for Bengal. Sister says that nurses are coming to the fore in India, and on April 15 a central preliminary training school for nurses was opened in Dacca.

Washington, D. C.

Sisters M. Raphael and Jane Frances are now registered pharmacists. Both Sisters attended George Washington University School of Pharmacy, and did their practical work at Doctors' Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Atlanta

The Social Service Department is functioning well with six social workers from Atlanta University. Particular attention is being paid to the pre-natal clinic, and Mothers' Classes have been started. The Red Cross gives some of the courses.

Advertisement En Route

A Medical Mission Sister en route for the Catholic Colored Clinic in Atlanta, Georgia, received a warning about the busy activities of this mission before she ever arrived. While riding on the train on the way down to Atlanta, Sister paid a visit to the dining car. One of the waiters came up to her and said, "Good morning, Sister, are you going to the Clinic?" Taken by surprise Sister managed to say, "Why—yes!" "Well," he answered, "today's a busy day down there, Sister. On Thursday, they operate all morning and have baby clinic in the afternoon!" It so happened that his wife and children were faithful attendants at the clinic, and he was most familiar with the schedule!!!

"En Masse"

Sr. Clare describes a day in the Clinic: "The tonsil list became a problem recently with its excessive length, so the doctors decided to operate 'en masse.' It was quite a day with four doctors, two anesthetists and one office nurse, besides our own force, all working together. There was a grand spirit of cooperation. In fact, everyone (the patients excepted!) enjoyed it so, that they asked when we would do it again."

Santa Fe

Sisters M. Alphonsa and Frederic, who have been doing promotional work in Kansas and California, stopped in at Santa Fe long enough to confirm the usual report that the work at the Clinic and at the Maternity Institute is increasing. During their brief stay the Sisters visited some of the homes of the poor Spanish-American patients.

Rawalpindi

Well! Well! Well!

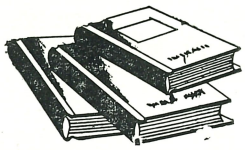
About the well for the new Holy Family Hospital. Sister Alma Julia is in anything but deep water as she writes. "We have gone down 400 feet and that's the most we dare go. Now they are bringing the tube back to the place where they found five feet of water. The Military are going to test it out to see if it will yield enough water to be worth while keeping, since they are the only ones who have a pump for such testing. We have had all the geologists, military experts, railway experts, electric people, water works people, etc. in consultation, before, during and up to now, and we get as many different opinions as people consulted. To sum it all up, someone said a most sensible thing 'God alone knows what's underground!' Why folks north, south, east and west of us should get water and we do not, is the Will of God."

It's Riots!

Whether the news comes from Dacca, Patna, or Pindi, it has something to say about the current riots in India, but in Rawalpindi they are very close to home. Sister M. Alma writes, "Our phenomenal good luck in Rawalpindi could not hold out forever. The Moslem Leaguers with their adamant determination to get Pakistan have been having processions for weeks in this part of the country. Even the burkhaed women got out and formed processions. These demonstrations were illegal so the various leaders were put in jail. The jails could not hold them all, so those locked up had to be freed before a new arrest was made. Finally the Government announced that these various groups could have processions if they so desired.

"At present there is no mail service, shops and ration depots have been closed, banks are not functioning. Our servants dare not go beyond the hospital compound, since there has been fighting outside our gates.

"We are having trouble feeding our patients, but have managed to get bread and milk and are using the stores we have. As things have been strictly rationed extra stores go quickly when there are a 100 patients besides servants and nurses."



MISSION LIBRARY

THE PRIEST AND A WORLD VISION
By James Keller, M.M. 103 Pages
The Christophers, N. Y. C.

The title of Father Keller's book indicates very clearly for whom it was written, yet its contents will be read with profit by both religious and laymen, especially those on whose lips is the proverbial question "Isn't there enough missionary work to do in our own country?" Convincingly, Father Keller answers that there is a great deal of missionary work to be done in the United States, but that does not alter the fact that the Gospel is to be preached to the whole world, that the vision of the Catholic, and especially the priest, is to be a world vision. Interest in the conversion of souls in foreign mission countries will grow when "the apostolic fire is kindled in the hearts of large numbers on the home front and applied to the countless needs in their very midst.

It is at home, then, that the world-wide project of making ALL men one in Christ is to be initiated, and all Christians share responsibility in this project. Their leadership rests in the hands of the priests who were "ordained for the world." The conversion of the world narrows down to the parish priest who is the one to lead and encourage each of us to the consciousness of Christ's command, "Go ye into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature."

Work toward this goal begins in the immediate surroundings of each priest, and Father Keller offers very practical suggestions for ways and means of using these immediate surroundings. A purely valiant defense of our faith, and an isolated fervent practice of it is an example, not of any positive wrong, but rather a failure to do any positive right. The Catholics of America are not at a loss for opportunity to do a positive right, for they can begin by spreading the true Faith among the non-Catholics in their very midst. The spirit of an active and positive apostolate at home will not be limited by national boundaries. It will spread all over the world.

CALL FOR FORTY THOUSAND
By John J. Considine, M.M.
319 Pages
Longmans, Green & Company

A panoramic view of life in South America, aptly describes "Call for Forty Thousand" written by Rev. John J. Considine, M. M. The reader is swept along with the missionary author through all the countries of Latin America, glimpsing in a bird's-eye view the history, the religion, the people, the country. Father Considine toured South America as Extraordinary Visitor of the Maryknoll Missions, and returned home to report his findings to the world, and raise a crusade call for "forty thousand" missionary priests, or more.

As the author states his interest is primarily in "souls, and men's homes, and sanctuaries." Geographical location, social life, political policies, and economic needs are only incorporated in the book as a setting to portray the present state of Catholicism in Latin America. A vast continent is presented, populated by peoples predominately Catholic but where Catholicism is dormant because of the lack of priests to revive and keep alive the life of the Church. The immediate solution is the introduction of priests from the outside. The more distant solution is the building up of a new generation of local clergy and revival of public esteem for the priesthood as a calling. "There is a way back and that is the way of the missioner."

Father Considine travels fast for the reader. Attractive sketches of the country and its peoples are begun but not completed; interest is stimulated but not satisfied; but the purpose of the book is achieved. The reader is thoroughly convinced of the need of missionary work in Latin America, and might imagine that the lonely Christ of the Andes looking down over that vast country pleads through Father Considine for "other Christs."

R. I. P.

Please pray for the repose of the souls of:

Very Reverend James A. Reeves
President of Seton Hill College
Greensburg, Pa.

Rev. William Roach
Media, Pa.

Rev. Albert Hublou, S.J.
Brussels, Belgium

Sister Margaret Sullivan, R.S.C.J.
Overbrook, Philadelphia, Pa.

Sister M. Agatha Dougherty, O.S.U.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mother Polycarpa, O.P.
St. Joseph's, N. Y.

Sister M. Clare Berry, S.S.J.
Baden, Pa.

Mother Alice Le Brou, R.S.C.J.
Torresdale, Pa.

Mrs. Catherine Toland
Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Mary Johnson
Washington, D. C.

Miss Mary Dean
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mr. Thomas Finnin
Washington, D. C.

Mr. Sigismund Boehringer
Buffalo, N. Y.

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

"To come to the help of the missions is an infallible way to obtain from Our Lady the graces we desire."

—St. John Bosco

This is the Beginning

of a new 200 bed Holy Family Hospital

Where—

Christ may reign

Souls may be saved

Bodies may be healed

Please help build it!

MOTHER ANNA DENGEL, M. D.
Medical Mission Sisters
8400 Pine Road
Fox Chase, Phila. 11, Pa.

Dear Mother Dengel:

Enclosed find my offering $.....
for Holy Family Hospital in Rawalpindi, India.

Sincerely,

.....